

THE STUDENT'S PEN
NOVEMBER, 1933

November, 1933

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THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. XVIX

NOVEMBER, 1933

No. 2

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NOVEMBER

I heard November whistling through the streets. It whisked the last few, colorless leaves out of the gaunt fingers of the swaying trees. Out of the swirling dust and leaves, the numbing chill on the empty streets, and the lifeless touch on everything, there arose to my mind a definite symbolism.

I had seen the birth of Summer in the buds and blossoms of June. I had followed her warm, flowery path through woodlands, across sparkling lakes, in pregnant fields, and on the mountains. But alas! the gay colors faded, and everything that was beautiful, everything that was fresh and lovely, sank to defeat in the cold clutch of November.

Walking along with my hands thrust deep in my pockets I could not fail to grasp the analogy between November and Failure in Life.

There he was before me. In shapeless shoes, tattered trousers, and a worn coat, he slouched along. He was a forlorn figure. Above the shuffling of his awkward feet, I heard November whistling through the streets.

John Haughey



THE NEW REPORT CARDS

WHEN, in the near future, report cards are issued to the students of this school, they will find that there has been a complete readjustment of the old plan of recording scholarship ratings. These new reports have been designed by the Superintendent of Schools, Dr. John F. Gannon, and have been approved by the school committee. The principle new feature embodied in the card is the "social evaluation" rating. This requires every teacher to mark a pupil on seven items: namely, alert, willing, initiative, constructive, persevering, thorough, reliable. Of these items, six will probably pass with no dissension from the student body, but the term "reliable" is open to several interpretations. Webster says reliable means, "trustworthy; meriting trust or confidence; fit to be depended upon." A teacher might well hesitate to grade some pupils on this point. For instance let us assume that a teacher distrusts a pupil's statement that his work is his own. Undoubtedly she will hesitate to call him unreliable without actual proof that he is, yet she cannot justify to herself a high reliability rating. Mathematics shows us that there will be 42 marks listed under the heading of social characteristics. This undoubtedly means much work for the teachers.

Another salient feature of the new report cards is the change in the ratings. The usual letters A, B, C, D, F, give place to numerals 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 which represent the following: (1) 90-100; (2) 80-89; (3) 70-79; (4) 60-69; (5) 50-59. There is no radical change in this system of the numerical designations but the important fact is that the failure mark which was 70% is now 60%!

In addition to the change in report cards, there has been an important new innovation in the Honor Roll. By vote of the school committee, it has been decided that the names of all pupils having an average of 90% in all subjects will be placed on the Honor Roll. How this will affect the Pro-Merito System of awards has not been determined as yet.

H. F.

READY! SET!! GO!!!

You're dead!
 Where's your school spirit?
 Wake up!
 Get some pep into you!
 Rub the sleepy tears out of your eyes and do something for a change!
 Why should you sit back and let others do all the work?
 You're not privileged characters.
 Where do you suppose your STUDENT'S PEN comes from?
 Whom do you suppose pays for it?
 Oh, no, you don't!
 Only one fourth of your weekly nickel is given to THE PEN.
 Then, who does pay for it?
 The merchants who put ads in THE PEN, of course.
 Where do you find these ads?
 You don't know? Where have you been all this time? ! ?
 The index to our advertisers is listed in THE PEN.
 Why do merchants interested in P. H. S. pay for ads in THE PEN?
 To take up space?
 They hoped that you would patronize them and did you?
 YOU DID NOT!!!
 Come on!
 Get going!
 Show some life!
 And, just for a change PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS!
 You spend your money somewhere.
 Why not spend it at these shops?
 Ready,
 Set,
 GO—and DO something.
 Let the merchants know.
 Tell 'em where you saw their ads!
 "Now is the time to buy"—and BUY FROM "PEN" ADVERTISERS!!!

Marguerite Donna
 Richard Stevenson

THE NICKEL COLLECTION

IT HAD become apparent after the first few weeks of school that the pupils of Pittsfield High School wished to retain the teams which represented them in football, basketball, baseball, and track. The increased number of contributors to the weekly nickel collection had proved this beyond a doubt.

The school-spirit and cooperation necessary to keep the teams in the field seemed to have been lying dormant. However, the revelation of the true fact, that financial support is required in all these athletic doings, was like a slap in the face,—it awakened many students.

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Unfortunately, of late, this weekly contribution has been decreasing. Does this laxity mean that the pupils are still dissatisfied after receiving both season tickets to home games and *The Student's Pen*; or does it mean that each pupil intends to let the other fellow do the giving? Let us hope affairs will right themselves and proceed as satisfactorily as they did at the beginning.

Winston Roulier

MUSIC AT P. H. S.

DO the pupils of Pittsfield High School want the concerts of our musical clubs resumed? When there comes a time that there is no spontaneous desire for such musical interludes as were presented under the baton of Mr. Smith during school hours last year, there certainly is a lack of musical appreciation in this school.

Do you want concerts? If you do you had better signify your intentions, for the number of concerts to be given this year depends not so much on the orchestra, band, and singing classes as on the support and desire of the pupils for this type of entertainment. There is more than enough individual talent to provide solos and interesting ensembles for your pleasure. Again we ask:

"Do you want concerts by our musical organizations?"

H. F.

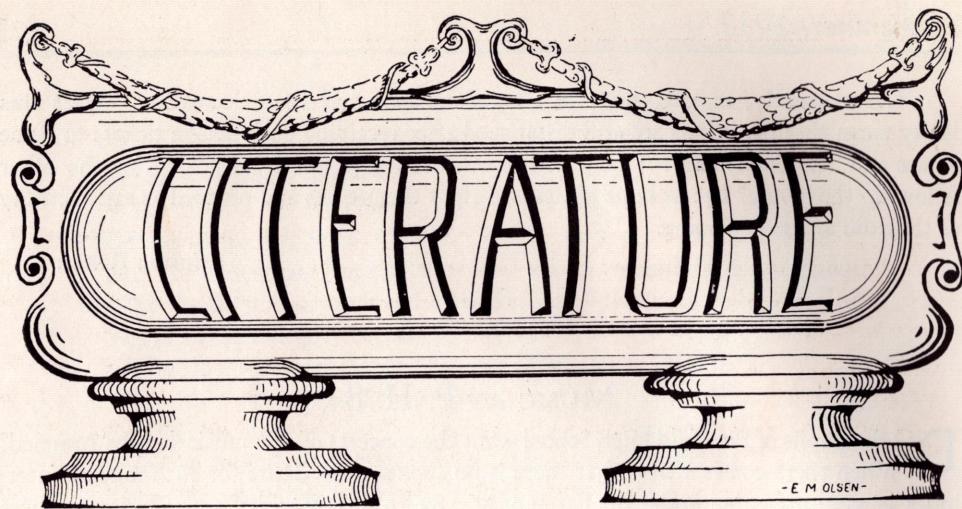
ALL BERKSHIRE

Since the football season is drawing to a close, the time has come to consider the players eligible for the mythical "All Berkshire Eleven". In order to obtain the opinion of the student body as to the candidates most worthy of this honor, THE PEN has installed in the office a ballot box in which students may place their selections.

The following players have been outstanding in our eyes and to help the pupils who have forgotten their names we suggest—

Barnini P., Trudeau D., Marchio D.	L.E.
Kellar P., Hart W., Rand D.	L.T.
Simmons P., Bassaillion A., Smith W.	L.G.
Phelan P., Tobin S. J., Howe A.	C.
Kazberovitch P., Bassaillion A., Wiles W.	R.G.
Head P., Steele A., Rand D.	R.T.
Armata A., Vandersloot W., Controy P.	R.E.
Gull P., Banoski W., Patenaude A.	Q.B.
Mahauski P., Connors W., Meehan S. J.	L.H.B.
Galonka H., Blake P., Genest D.	R.H.B.
White P., Perry W., Boucher D.	F.B.

The pupils are absolutely not limited to these men as they are only suggestions. The ballot will be found at the end of the Sport Section.



HOLIDAY IN HEAVEN

"NEXT!" A man came forward, a very young man he was with impatient blue eyes. He grasped the shining telescope from the hands of a small but portly gentleman clad in sandals and a white sheet-like article, who said nothing, but moved aside and retired to the nearest cloud bank, his moustache quivering. The young man, never noticing, carelessly tipped over two white boards printed with the words, "See the Earth From Here", and "Heaven This Way", in his eagerness to raise the shining instrument to his eyes. Swiftly and surely he focussed, his brown hands nimble and his fingers dexterous with long practice, until he had the desired object within his gaze. The gold and white scarf interfered with his movements and he threw it off, baring his strong shoulders. A heavenly light pervaded the whole atmosphere, playing on his lithe, tan young body, tangling his mop of yellow curls, and illuminating his intent young face.

"There she is," he was murmuring to the first of a long line at one side. "See, she is sleeping now. How restless she is! Oh, she is opening her eyes! She sees me! I'm sure she sees me! Darling—"

"Your time's up. Next." The short, fat gentleman pushed the boy aside and motioned the young girl at the beginning of the line.

"But please," pleaded the youth, "a minute more."

"He may have my time," the child offered, "I wasn't going to look at anyone in particular and he wants to look so."

"Against the rules," the little man said gruffly. "This way out."

The child advanced and timidly began to focus the telescope while the young man, forgetting his shoulder wrap went out, tearing a piece of cloud between his hands and throwing it into space. As he thus proceeded along the milky way many new arrivals in heaven were asking, "Who is that man?" and "Is he mad?"

"He is the 'Lover,'" were the answers, "and perhaps today he wasn't able to focus upon his sweetheart on the earth."

The Lover walked savagely along until he bumped into one of the numerous pillars which hold up the sky. In a rage he forced himself forward, and before he realized, he had pushed his body through it. He fell; and all before him was densest night.

November, 1933

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When the telescope keeper passed by on his way home, he picked up a heap of black, transparent stuff, looking like burnt cellophane and sent it in a little package labelled, "From the First Heaven to The One Who Mends All Things."

So, night fell for the Lover, dense and dark, but it could not be denser or darker than a night upon the earth where two lone black-hooded figures were dragging themselves to a small shack. They pursued their course over the crest of the hill and down a few steps to a hut. The younger woman produced a match from somewhere and lit it, while the older fumbled within her garments for the key, and bending down, for the key was on a short string upon her neck, she opened the door. The match went out and a sea of blackness surged at them, and as they entered it rose and poured in upon them from all sides, but only for a moment. A kerosene lamp soon threw out a timid beam of light, revealing a woman bending over it. Her eyes were ringed with black. She closed them a moment, then half opened them wearily as a bold glare of light burst from the lamp. She turned then and limped over to one of the two chairs in the small room. She sat down, breathing heavily, and holding ice cold hands to her cheeks.

The other woman, a person of medium height but very thin, had been hanging her shawl upon a hook and now pulled aside a faded chintz curtain which served to divide the cupboard off. She took out two plates, much the worse for wear, and moving the smoky lamp over to the middle laid them on the table, covered with newspapers. Then she caught sight of the younger woman in the chair.

"Why El, what's the matter here?"

She slipped down on the rough wooden floor, and briskly began to unlace the other's shoes.

"Is it your leg been botherin' you again?"

"No," replied the girl addressed as El, "'tisn't my leg; I guess I just don't feel well."

She tried to raise her body from the chair, but light as it was, she fell back and weakly laughed.

"There, there, now El," the older woman soothingly murmured, "you'll feel better after you have eaten."

She unloosened her daughter's formless coat and hung it beside her shawl. Two fine thin lines appeared in her forehead above her emaciated cheeks, beside the three that were always there, but when she turned again to El her face was as cheery as though something very delightful was going to happen. She took down a huge apron from a hook, wrapped it around her lean figure twice, twisted up a few gray hairs and pinned them at the back of her head.

"Now," she said briskly, "you just set there and rest awhile. Land knows you've been working hard enough. I'll have supper ready in a jiffy."

The girl's brown eyes followed her gratefully as the older woman went about preparing the meal. Then her black lashes were lifted and she rested her gaze upon the picture of a youth, a boy with blue eyes and a serious mouth. Her lips trembled, her brown eyes filled, she put her thin hands up to her long hair and sobbed convulsively. Her mother turned quickly and went over to the girl.

"What's the matter, honey?" she crooned.

Then her faded hazel eyes wandered to the portrait of the boy. She silently walked over to the picture and took it down. She stood a moment as if in prayer before the little

kerosene lamp, then turned abruptly and put the picture into the cupboard. The girl was quieter now but her thin dress showed her shoulders trembling.

"Come dearie, have some supper."

She came to the table, but the smell of food sent a shudder up and down her whole body.

"Well now, perhaps you are too tired. You go to bed and rest," the older woman suggested.

Still trembling, the girl took off her black cotton stockings and her faded gray skirt.

"You'd best leave on your petticoat tonight, I think it's going to be colder."

The girl slowly pushed back the covers, got into bed and burying her face in the pillow she wept until she was completely tired out and could weep no more.

Her mother watched her anxiously until the brown eyes closed. The girl was lying straight across the bed. The older woman pulled her shawl down and lay on the floor. The poor darling should not be awakened. Finally she, too, managed to find sleep, and silence took possession of the hut; a silence broken only by the girl's restless tossing and murmuring.

The clock in the building across the hill struck nine—then ten—eleven rang out through the darkness. The girl stirred. The woman awoke with a start.

"El," she gasped, "El—"

Her daughter was sitting upright in the bed. The moonlight made an eerie brightness about her head. "Mother," she babbled, "I see—I see him. Oh, Mother, he looks just the same and I'm sure he's looking for me, I know he is. See, he has found me, he is speaking, he says, 'Darling—', Oh—he is gone, Mother; he has gone now. Why didn't he stay? I wonder. Did you see him, Mother?"

But her mother did not answer, for she was already running over the crest of the hill and down to Dr. Blache's house. She almost flew down the hill, a white-faced spectre with a trailing black shawl and a black string on which a key was fixed, dangling behind. She was knocking now, banging at the door. A sleepy-eyed girl answered.

"The doctor, the doctor, I've got to have the doctor," she was trying to shout, but she could not speak.

The doctor was coming out. He saw her.

"Elsa?"

She nodded. He hastened into another room and came out with a great coat and his bag.

"Ready?"

She nodded once more. Together they went up the hill, an interminably long distance, until they came to the hut. Then, before the door the woman stopped, terrified. The doctor looked at her, then pushed her back and went in alone. The girl was lying there with a sweet smile upon her face. The doctor gently clasped the two thin hands and left her there alone in the strange yet peaceful moonlight.

After years of waiting the woman saw him come out. She did not ask, but was led dazed over the crest of the hill.

"How long was she like this?" the doctor finally asked.

She did not answer. A moment later he asked her again.

"Oh"—she began in a thin flat voice, "since he—

Her voice trailed off and then resumed, "and after she got her leg hurt at the factory she would sit all day long and look at his picture and then she—she fancied she could see him and talk to him—and she knew all the time he was dead until tonight—."

"She saw him again?"

"Yes, she said he was looking for her—and perhaps, perhaps he was."

She shuddered and fell into the doctor's arms. Then her face fixed itself into the same sweet smile that the doctor had seen before on that same night.

The air was cold and the night was black. Was it the doctor's fancy, as he looked above into the cold mass of frozen stars, that he saw a young man with yellow curls and blue eyes coming down from the steps of The One Who Mends All Things, to greet a slim, brown-eyed girl with lovely hair; and that an older woman with her hands outstretched was blessing them?

But how could he know that lovely, transparent fathers and mothers and babes dressed in clean bows and quivers, and even a certain small fat man with a tiny moustache, were all hurrying along the "Milky Way" to celebrate the uniting of the two lovers, sweet Elsa, clad now in a rainbow; and the Lover, clothed with sunbeams; and how could he, a mortal, realize that this was a holiday in heaven?

Isabella Lehmann '34

NOVEMBER

Month of mad, capricious fancy,

With your blue or cloudy skies,

First your days are blithe as summer

Then the white snow flurries by.

You are like the season's pageant:

Nature, pausing for review,

Sees her glories, past and future,

All at once, combined in you.

All the gayness of October

In your first bright weeks holds sway,

And your sun is warm as August,

'Til the leaves are blown away.

Then the fields are brown as springtime,

Breath of May is on the air,

Promise of a resurrection,

Even when snow lies everywhere.

Strange that summer in its coming

Should as bright and cheerful be,

As when Autumn in its splendor

Starts it to eternity.

Mary O'Boyle '35

DOOMED

A COLD, penetrating wind howled in fiendish glee as it made its way under the arches of Brooklyn Bridge. Countless tiny snowflakes swirled about as if in an impassioned dance. Pulling his coat more tightly about him, Patrolman Flannigan roundly cursed his evil fortune at being out in such hellish weather. He, as was his custom, wended his way among the dregs of mankind which cling like human fungi to the mottled arches of this great structure cast in steel and stone. A barrel fire was burning, and around it were gathered faces which even the hardened would never care to see again,—faces which represented the human lees which have eddied to their last level. A stifled groan caused Flannigan to look around. There he lay, a writhing, dirt-encrusted derelict, doomed to death on the banks of the East River with the shadow of the great Brooklyn Bridge as his shroud. He motioned weakly to Flannigan, who came toward him and knelt by his side. The man gasped for breath. Then in a hoarse whisper mumbled,

"I must confess. I can't take my secret with me into death's domain. I—I am a murderer. I killed him. I killed my best friend, Jan Friedling."

"Here's another case for the psychopathic ward," thought Flannigan. "I'll call the ambulance."

The burly policeman started for his callbox, but an irresistible curiosity drew him back to the side of the emaciated piece of human wreckage. Then the voice continued:

"She was ravishing. I can remember her hair,—a sort of golden light flickering in its depths; her eyes, like the azure of the sea; her face, rosy and clear; lips, red like the petals of a rose; the divine slope of her shoulders; her posture, supple and slender. To me she was an ethereal being. How could I resist her? It was my destiny to fall insanely in love with this creature the first time Jan presented me to her. This meeting was the prelude to that overwhelming flood of emotion which resulted in the desecration of my manhood and transformed me from the renowned Dr. Lund to a wandering derelict suffering the unrelenting, torturous pangs of conscience.

"When Jan first introduced me to her, I could but sate my dazzled eyes with the beauty of her vivid face. My pulses throbbed oppressively in my wrist and temples. My heart beat tumultuously. I felt that I stood on the verge of a great abyss. The voice of reason was calling,

"Garret, save yourself."

"It was too late, however, for unknown to myself, my whole being was so enmeshed in the nets of love that passion alone would be my sole dictate. Subsequently I saw her on several occasions and my love for her flared into an unquenchable flame. She seemed to like me well enough and I had hopes but—

"One day a happy faced Jan ran into my office.

"Garret! Garret! She's going to marry me! Congratulate me!"

"At these words my heart sank. A sensation of the futility of all things encompassed me. I stood as if rooted to the spot. Then, as if out of a great void, Jan's voice came to me.

"Aren't you going to congratulate me?"

"I started.

"Yes, certainly. I wish you all the happiness in the world."

"During the weeks that followed, I led a drab, meaningless existence, all that stood between me and happiness was Jan,—but what if there were no Jan? That thought played

upon my mind. I attempted to dismiss it as absurd; but when, drawn, and pale of face, my unwitting rival stepped into my office for an examination, somehow I knew that there would be no Jan. The seeds of a premeditated murder were sprouting in my mind. I soon found Jan to be suffering from an acute attack of appendicitis.

"Jan, old man," I said, "the condition of your appendix calls for an immediate operation."

"Yes, I thought as much myself," he answered. "I remember that when I was a boy the old family doctor told me I had a chronic appendix. I think I had better call Lois and tell her about this, don't you think so, Garry?"

"No," I replied, "Why should you worry her? Wait until tomorrow morning and then we'll let her know that the patient is doing nicely. The best thing for you to do would be to come home with me and I'll give you something to see that you get a good night's rest."

"Perhaps that would be wiser," he agreed. "There's no use in worrying her."

"As Jan and I left the office, the oppressive shadows of night had already begun to gather, and the dizzy lights of the metropolis were agleam. We hailed a cab and in a short time, were comfortably seated in my apartments.

"Now," I said, attempting to appear natural, "I think we'll put you to bed, Jan. You've got a big day ahead of you tomorrow."

"Noxious thoughts were seething in my mind. I would give him a violent cathartic. With his appendix in its present condition, it would certainly be ruptured. Through desperation born of love, I was being driven to sever the ties of a great friendship by murder. You ask, how I could do it? Do you know my passions and desires? I gave him the cathartic. He took it, trusting me implicitly. Then we retired.

"I lay tossing in my bed. Sleep was impossible. After a seemingly endless struggle with the qualms of conscience, I fell into a fitful doze.

"A scream pierced the stillness of night. I jumped from my bed and entered Jan's room. There I saw the form of a man contorted in anguish, moaning, screaming at intervals. I called the ambulance. The writhing form of Jan was placed on a stretcher and we were whisked away to the hospital.

"I had just donned my surgeon's coat and rubber gloves when they brought Jan in. I felt perfectly sure of myself. I was about to commit a crime which I thought would result in my ultimate happiness. Jan's last words were:

"Garrett, if I die, I don't want you to feel responsible for my death; and Garret please—please take care of Lois."

"Ether overcame him. My hand trembled but little as I grasped the scalpel. I wavered slightly as the cold steel touched his body. I made the incision; then the red blood spurted over my gloved hands. The attendants quickly sopped up the blood with their pads of gauze and I then tied the veins and arteries. The appendix was but slightly ruptured. A hasty removal plus a drain would probably have saved Jan's life. I made one unnoticeable stroke with my scalpel.

"Dawn had begun out of doors. I was a murderer. I had killed a man. The world thought that Jan Friedling's death had been unavoidable. I was free to seek the love of Lois. I went home to sleep but it seemed as if death's dread angels were coming ever closer to me—taunting me with threats of horrible punishment. I could not sleep. I paced the floor. Perhaps if I saw Lois it would help me—I rushed out to my car. I drove recklessly through

the streets and arrived at her home. She was asleep but I had her awakened. She came down hurriedly as if she had a premonition of the disaster that had occurred.

"Tell me, tell me, is he—?"

"He's dead. He had an acute attack of appendix. I had to operate."

"The poor girl's body trembled and quivered in anguish. Then a frown appeared upon her beautiful brows. She grew pale. A look of horror spread over her face and her eyes began to shine under their golden lashes with a cold gleam.

"You—you killed him! Go away! Leave me!"

"I tried to reason with her but to no avail. She was growing hysterical. I saw that she would never be mine for there was a gleam—a cold gleaming hate in her eyes. Dazed, I left the house. I wandered through the city streets. I went home. I looked at myself in a mirror. I saw an unkempt, disorderly mass of matted hair. My unshaven beard made a dark smirch against my jaws. Blue rings accentuated the glint of my pupils which were distended by fever. My whole body shook as if in ague. So I was a murderer. At this thought beads of sweat stood out upon my forehead. I had killed. Love for me was lost. I could never resume my practice. I no longer had the courage to look at a knife. It reminded me of death. Life no longer held any interest for me. I wandered from place to place seeking forgetfulness. I acquired the drug habit. Through the passing years my life has been a horrible nightmare. My dismal existence has been one of stark horror. First it was park benches and the breadline, then I learned of this life beneath the Brooklyn Bridge. I couldn't sink any lower. I had reached the lowest rung of the human ladder."

The figure was quivering violently. There was a rasping sound in its throat. Patrolman Flannigan bent over and caught the words uttered in a faint whisper.

"Oh, God! I fear that even death cannot obliterate the havoc which my crime has wreaked upon me."

He gave one convulsive shudder. Dr. Lund was dead.

Harold Feldman '34

FIRESIDE REFLECTIONS

AS I gaze into my dying fire, my thoughts travel across the great span of years when I shall be old. What of this dear old room shall I remember? Shall I recall the softly glowing lamps, the shelves of books, and the old fur rugs? Shall I know that Grandfather's old secretary with the secret drawer stood in this corner, and that the little cherry table with the pewter, dull now with age, stood in that one? I know that I shall always remember the portrait of Aunt Ellen over the fireplace—Aunt Ellen, a little girl with bright red shoes and shining grey eyes. That portrait is now over one hundred years old. In that distant time I wonder what my house will be like? Shall I have a fireplace? Will there be such shelves of books, such atmosphere of quietude? The room where I am now has peace and restfulness, all that is symbolic of home. But in that other room will Aunt Ellen's laughing eyes look down upon me there, too?

Carol Hayward

FOOLED

PIERRE BAPTISTE strode rapidly through the underbrush country fifty miles north of Loon Lake in Manitoba. He hurried with good reason, because he was being pursued by a mounted policeman. Pierre had a long criminal record but had never served a day in jail. He came from a family which had produced noted criminals for countless generations. Old Jaques Baptiste, a murderer over and over, had boasted to his twin sons, Pierre and Rene, that he had never been caught by the police and that he would die a natural death. Jaques would relate his numerous crimes to his awed sons. He taught them the ways of the woods,—how to walk noiselessly, how to build a fire without smoke. When old Jaques died one winter's evening, Rene and Pierre swore that they would carry on the ancient Beaucaire tradition. Their paths had separated after their father's death, and each had led his own life. Pierre had not heard from Rene in four years—four years in which he had eluded the police time and time again by his knowledge of woodcraft, and his fox-like cleverness. Pierre had no doubt but what Rene was leading such a life as his in some distant land.

Only once did Pierre Beaucaire, called "The Lynx" by the Indians, look around, but that look was not the look of a fearful and desperate man; it was filled with hate and animal cunning. In the swift thinking brain of the criminal there was forming a plan; he would ambush the officer and shoot him. He concealed himself behind a huge boulder near the trail, loaded and cocked his rifle, and calmly smoked his pipe while waiting for the pursuing mountie.

The minutes passed slowly, but Pierre's patience was rewarded at last by the faint clump-clump of a horse's hoofs on the well-beaten trail. He placed the barrel of the gun through a crevice in the granite. The gun would not reflect any of the sun's rays into the eyes of the policeman, because Pierre had held it over a piece of burning birch bark to cover it with a layer of adhering soot.

Presently the officer rode into view; he did not appear to be after anyone, mused Pierre, but those police were so conceited. He carefully aimed at the man's head and pulled the trigger. Almost before the report had died away, Pierre jumped to the side of the fallen man. He roughly kicked the body over on its back. Suddenly he started. His knees shook. He clutched a sapling for support. He had killed not a supposedly man-hunting mounted policeman. He had killed his twin brother, Rene.

He recovered his composure and again stared down at the dead face of Rene. His own face darkened with fury. The dead man, *Rene Beaucaire*, his twin brother, with whom he had sworn an oath over the dead body of their father to lead a life of crime.

Pierre had not the slightest regret that he had killed his own brother, because Rene had broken the vow. Rene had joined the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and had spent his life in tracking down criminals. Pierre kicked the body savagely but stopped in the middle of a curse. He had an idea! A wonderful idea! The supreme jest.

Swiftly he removed the police uniform, and casting off his own clothes, put on those of the dead man. His plan was so simple, yet so clever—he would leisurely travel to Vancouver. He had plenty of money. He could take a boat to France. Under the name of *Rene Beaucaire*, corporal of the Mounted Police under the King's service, he could get anywhere. He looked so much like his twin that even other officers would recognize him only as *Rene Beaucaire*.

He buried the body carefully, placing it under some rocks so the wolves could not drag it into plain view. He mounted the horse and rode swiftly down the trail, whistling a French tune.

About sundown he prepared to make camp. He unsaddled the horse and hobbled it, put up the pup-tent swiftly, and prepared supper. He was in the act of putting the first forkful of bacon into his mouth when he heard a cheery halloo. Two horses whinnied, and presently a mounted policeman rode into view. Pierre's heart stood still, but he recovered himself instantly. He invited the officer to eat with him. Introducing himself as Rene Beaucaire, corporal at the Prince Albert base in Saskatchewan, he related how he had been after a noted criminal for a month, and had trailed him to a spot some twenty miles above Loon Lake.

The other officer was a new man, and probably easily fooled, thought Pierre as they both rolled into their blankets for the night.

Pierre awoke the next morning with his wrists encircled by handcuffs. The mountie was busily cooking breakfast. He turned around and smiled at Pierre.

"You know, old thing, your disguise didn't fool me a bit. Why, your face, Rene Beaucaire, is known all over Canada. In the name of His Majesty I arrest you for three murders at Edmonton. Anything you say may be used against you. Want some breakfast?"

Harry Martin '34

LIFE

November 4, 1933.—"Of 1,000,000 human beings, 999,999 cling desperately to life. The one-millionth seeks death just as desperately. Yesterday at Schenectady, Miss Ida Josephine Tracki, only 21 years old, walked on to the railroad tracks when she saw a train approach pulled by two locomotives, sat down between the rails and waited until the locomotives rolled over and killed her. Who can imagine what went on in the mind of the girl as she sat waiting?"

LIFE had mercilessly dealt her blow after blow, until at that moment, overcome by her emotions she had given up in despair and lay waiting for that devouring monster, death.

And as one whose mind in a fit of delirium is apt to muse over numerous happenings of his life, so this pitiful girl, in her one last moment, had done.

The vision of a small vine-covered farmhouse rose clearly before her tear-filled eyes, the house in which she was born, the house in which her beautiful mother had died. Softly, so softly she wept for the one who had given to her, her only moments of complete happiness. Then in rapid succession events upon which her mind would not and could not dwell long, passed swiftly through her already confused brain—an accident, interminable rows of beds, white clad doctors and nurses—one, two, three, all dead, father, brother, sister,—no work, no money, no love. But death had taken free reins within her home too long, she would begin again, she would

The black, overcasting shadow of the huge wheels seemed to hesitate for a moment, then, as a beast of the jungle comes upon one less fortunate than he, it was over.

Fate had been too cruel, too heartless, to a child so young and helpless.

Mildred Klein

TRAVELING ON THE BUS

ALTHOUGH it is considered by many a most commonplace event, traveling on the bus, especially on rainy days, is for me an experience that can never be forgotten. To emerge from the vehicle at the end of the journey with one's clothes and books still intact is a victory that can compare only with such deeds as the crossing of the Delaware by Washington and the defense of Verdun by the French.

Let us suppose that you are ready to undertake such an adventure. The bus, as usual, on this particular morning is late for some reason known only to the driver. The rain—for of course it is a rainy day—seems to come from all angles, sneaking in under the umbrella first in one direction and then another. At length, after trying in vain to protect yourself from the slanting downpour, you give it up in disgust and stand motionless, reflecting to yourself how useless an umbrella really is.

The bus finally comes in sight and you eagerly step to the curb. A splash of water from the front wheel strikes you full in the face, and gasping, you stop a moment trying to regain your breath. Urged onward by the impatient voice of the driver, you stumble through the door. The umbrella, which absentmindedly you have forgotten to close, strikes the half turned head of the operator a fierce blow, knocking off his jauntily cocked hat. A pugnacious feeling of satisfaction steals over you, and you return the angry scowl of the disgruntled driver with a fierce glare of your own.

The bus is loaded to capacity already, and you are forced to stand in the aisle, faced with the problem of holding your books, maintaining your balance, and attempting to close the awkward umbrella. You decide that only two things can be done at once; and so, taking a position with legs spread wide apart, you cautiously bend down to unfasten the catch. At this moment the bus turns a corner and you are thrown far to one side, landing on the lap of a much embarrassed young lady who up to this time had been regarding your misfortunes with a most amused air. Regaining your equilibrium with much effort, you at last subdue the unruly umbrella and straighten up to regard your fellow passengers.

Almost all your companions are dignified students of your own age, bound for the same place as you. Conversation has been renewed, and the whole vehicle sounds like a cage of fifty chattering monkeys. In one corner sit a boy and girl, entirely oblivious of their surroundings, and apparently, from the rapt look on the girl's face, her companion is relating a most interesting story of some one of his many dangerous exploits. You can almost imagine her saying, "How wonderful, William!" At every stop, conversation is suspended, and all eyes turn toward the door to see who the newcomers are. Whispered opinions are then passed around and lucky is the person who does not have some disparaging remark made about him.

At length, you realize that your stop is next, and, reaching over, you attempt to press the stubborn buzzer without any result. Immediately a dozen willing hands reach up and the bell sounds, not once but ten times, in the ear of the angry operator. With a muttered curse he jerks the bus to a stop, making all the passengers standing in the aisle sway far backward, unable to fall because of the persons behind him. Slowly you elbow your way forward, nudging each passenger before you and saying the inevitable, "Excuse me". Reaching the front, you obligingly hand the motorman a bill to change, and, receiving another fierce glare, blithely walk down the steps.

Stanley S. Carpenter '34

VISUAL EDUCATION

AND, oh boy! You should have seen the fight he put up! I tell you, if that rotten line hadn't given way at the last minute, I'd have had the biggest pickerel in the whole state, museum specimens included."

"Aw, go on now! What do you take me for anyhow? Think I'll swallow that one? Not on your life,—that is, unless I see one like it myself."

How common are such arguments. Then is the time you wish you could back up your "fish story" by an eye witness or, better still, a photograph of the elusive "whopper". Somehow, no matter how vivid or accurate (?) a word picture you paint, there seems to be a certain amount of doubt left in your friend's mind, concerning the validity of the facts in the case. Those are the times when the expression, "Seeing is believing", is brought forcibly to mind.

Is it not true that we not only believe what we see, but that we longer remember what we have seen than what we have heard? If we will stop and try to think just what the "substance" of memory really is, most of us will realize that it consists of visual images. When we recollect anything which happened to us some time ago, we bring to our minds a series of visual pictures or images which were impressed upon our minds by means of the eye. Other impressions were received by the various senses, but the visual impression remained foremost in our recollection. This fact, concerning the retention of visual images is extensively utilized today, especially in the field of modern education.

We need but open any modern text book to find, in most cases, a copious supply of illustrations. The book may give a very scientific and graphic description of a certain, let us say, chemical process. However, we usually find illustrations or diagrams to clarify the verbal description. Thus we fix in our minds not only *how* the thing is done, but also what the apparatus used looks like. In our chemistry, physics, and biology classes, for example, the fact that we actually perform a great many experiments demonstrating chemical, physical or natural properties, shows us that educators are firmly convinced that seeing is believing. Many of the facts of science and nature are so strange and apparently ambiguous, that we must see, in order that we may be convinced of their reality.

Thus we see that visual education is, in a rudimentary state, firmly fixed in the present day principles of education. I say "in a rudimentary state", because it is my belief that in the near future, visual education will be carried on far more extensively than is now the case in a great many seemingly progressive institutions of learning.

We, the students of Pittsfield High School, should consider ourselves very fortunate indeed, in that ours is one of the more highly progressive high schools. Here, under the expert supervision of Mr. Edward J. Russell, head of the science department, visual education is being tried out on a large scale. This ultra-modern program of Mr. Russell's, for the advancement of visual education, includes the showing of moving pictures to the various groups of students, which would be most benefited thereby.

That the science department is well equipped to carry out this program, cannot be doubted. In the auditorium projection booth we have a standard thirty-five millimeter moving picture projector. In this connection I might add that Mr. Russell is a competent licensed operator. Here we also have a slide projector of modern design and high efficiency. In the various rooms of the science department, we have additional apparatus for the advancement of visual education: a Kodascope or standard sixteen millimeter moving picture

projector; a portable lantern slide projector; a Balopticon, or instrument for projecting on a screen opaque pictures as well as lantern slides; and a high power, projecting microscope.

Of course, it is understood that this advanced visual education program is largely in the nature of an experiment. When any new theory is being tried out its success or failure depends largely on the way in which it is received by the public. In this case our public consists of the student body. That this plan of visual education by motion pictures is beneficial from an educational standpoint cannot be disputed, but whether or not the students are sufficiently advanced to make it a success in practice, depends upon them as individuals. So far almost all showings of moving pictures have been attended with considerable success. However, the attitude of the students can ensure the continuation of the program.

Mr. Russell procures these films, not for his own benefit, but for *your* benefit and for the advancement of visual education everywhere. If, by your attitude during the showings, you discourage the continuance of the program, no one except you and your fellow students are the losers.

Of course, you realize that in order to show an educational picture in the auditorium, a special assembly must be called. Therefore, most of the pictures shown must be with the Kodascope. As these films are procured for a very limited time, *all* classes, even all of those for which the particular film would be valuable, cannot be accommodated. It is a case of showing the pictures to those classes which will be most benefitted thereby. We trust that you will all understand this, and that there will be no hard feelings. The science department is not the only one which has benefitted or will benefit by educational pictures. Those thus far shown have been presented to a great variety of classes.

Those of you who have seen any of these pictures will surely realize that they are not soon to be forgotten. As I am an operator, I have seen all of the pictures that have been shown, and I can truthfully say that I have gained a great deal of valuable information which I could have obtained from no other source.

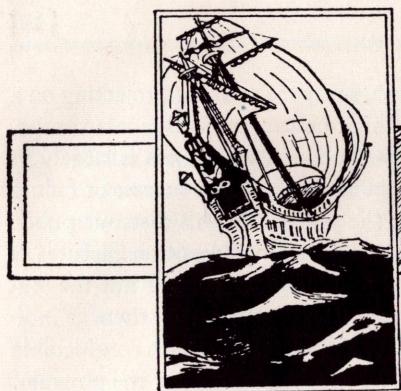
Here's to the long life and great success of Mr. Russell's visual education program!

Robert A. Browne '34

HANDS

Sometimes they are a help to us,
With our first feeble step;
Sometimes they reprimand us,
When we abuse precepts;
Sometimes they caress us;
As we tell of luckless days;
Always they are gentle,
As they help us on our way.

Henry Hill '34



POETRY

DUSK

I have listened to the pine trees whisper softly in the dusk,
I have seen the pale moon rise in the east,
And felt the eyes of Night as they twinkled down at me,
While all around black mountains stood like priests.

I have watched the tiny fireflies, pins of light against the black,
I have felt the touch of Wind's skirts passing by,
And I know that Darkness kissed me for I felt it on my cheek.
My heart gives thanks for dusk to Him on High.

Isabella E. Lehmann '34

THE BEACON

Through my window every night I gaze afar at a distant hill
And watch the gleaming beacon light That pierces night so dark and still.

It points the way for those who fly Like giant birds with purpose bold
Coursing the air lanes of the sky Performing deeds unsung, untold.

It knows no rest this sentinel brave In rain or wind or snow;
And countless lives this light will save Pointing this message, "the way to go."

Jenny Crown '35

November, 1933

[21]

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT CARD SHARK

(Apologies to Coleridge and Culbertson)

It is an ancient contract fan,
And he stoppeth one of three.
The others knew the aged man
And left him there with me.

He held me with his skinny hand;
"There was a time," quoth he,
"The cards were dealt, a hand I saw
That was so fair to see."

"For six low hearts I held, along
With Ace, and King, and Jack;
Two clubs quite low, two aces more—
High clubs my only lack."

"The dealer scowled; his fingers drummed;
At length, 'I pass,' spake he.
Upon the hand my gaze I fixed,
Then quoth, 'Two hearts for me!'

"'Three clubs' was bid; my partner quoth,
'And four no trump for me!'
The dealer passed; 'Six hearts', I said,
And strange his face to see;

"And when the other two had passed,
He laughed and doubled me—
At last I'd gained the bid, though at
The risk of penalty.

"Now on the board the hearts were laid,
The Queen, the ten, and three;
A club was led, the dummy shown,
And I was filled with glee.

"For there the Ace and King of clubs;
The Queen of hearts was there;
Full well I saw I bore a hand
Ne'er man before did bear.

"I played the Ace; I took the trick;
I 'gan to lead the hearts—"
He varied not his aged voice,
Nor paused his oral arts.

And so went on, "On right and left
My foes both gloomed aloud.
I watched their lips, and 'Vulnerable'
One said, and spake out loud.

"'My clubs, my clubs are everywhere,
Nor any one to play;
The clubs, the clubs are in my hand;
Our score doth fade away!' . . .

His glittering eyes he fixed on me;
They chained me to the spot
Whilst on he droned, spake on and on
Of tricks that he had got.

His skinny hand gripped tight my arm,
Each eye a blazing coal,
While thus he spake, "I led a heart,
'Twas trump and took its toll."

"My partner then began to shout
A Grand Slam had I made—
Though poets sing of love or war,
This saga ne'er should fade!"

The contract fan, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Whose feeble frame the years have bent,
Now ceased mine ears to bore.

When I the morrow next did wake,
I swore with might and main,
That never man should dare to talk
Of bridge to me again.

Charles Kline, Jr. '35

WINTER SKYLINE

Behold the poplars etched against the sky,
Each with its limbs spread out in mute
appeal,
While softly does the dusk behind them
steal,
And from their tips is heard a tired sigh.

They tower far above the homes nearby;
And as the night comes on apace, they feel
As though the outset of a new ordeal
Began that bade them keep their guard on
high.

With arms uplifted, staunch they stand
and straight,
Not yielding to the force of wintry gales
That howl about them with increasing
hate;
Their leaves behind them left in golden
trails,
With fortitude they face their coming
fate,
Assured that Spring's arrival never fails.

David Blume '34

GOD KNOWS WHERE

To you, the summer clouds that float are
fair;
To her, the hot sun's kiss is like an an-
swered prayer;
To me, bliss is in the gentle rain that falls
from God knows where.

You like the summer breezes, atop the
hills you seek them out;
She dreams of moonlight nights, with
music all about;
At night I wander through the still, dark
wood, and gone is every lurking fear or
doubt.

In moon-lit glens, you keep a rendezvous
with man each night;
Always she strives for joy in wrong or
right;
My joy, that comes from God knows
where, is in the wind's great might.

Iva Chase '34

100-101



SHAWN SIDELIGHTS

THE WHOLE student body through the medium of paid assemblies witnessed on Friday, November 3, a very pleasing performance of the modern male dance by its pioneer exponent, Ted Shawn. Mr. Shawn, who has a compelling personality, gave interesting sidelights on the dance world in addition to his explanation to the audience.

At present, Mr. Shawn is on a tour comprising mostly high school and college bookings. It is interesting to note that he enjoys dancing before such groups.

According to the dancer, there are five basic themes for expression in the male dance: the pure art, the primitive, the labor, the play, and the religious themes. These are five essentially masculine motifs which must be accompanied by music that is primarily masculine.

Most of Shawn's present performers have been with him for only two or three months. He selects his men for their character and interest alone, feeling that character is more valuable than ability.

One of the most outstanding points that Shawn mentioned was the fact that there are five hundred hours of rehearsal by the performers before a dance is given before the public.

His men present a striking example of what can be done by persons sincerely interested in the dance as a form of art. They have responded to Shawn's magnetism, and have themselves developed a remarkable attraction even for persons unacquainted with true art.

Jess Meeker, Shawn's accompanist, has been with him since this summer. His playing was so vivid and forceful that it greatly enhanced the artistic interpretations of Shawn and his company. Mr. Meeker deserves much credit for his truly delightful contribution to the program.

Mr. Shawn has a camp which is located in Becket, Massachusetts, within twenty miles of Pittsfield. There, during the summer months, Mr. Shawn and his dancers rehearse for future performances.

The student audience thoroughly enjoyed the program by the group. This presentation has set a high water mark that will be difficult for future artists on our schedule to surpass.

Marguerite Donna, Ritamae Stephenson, Richard Stevenson

"LIFE"

There's something in Life that sweeps you on
Into hurrying, scurrying throngs,
Sends you seeking you know not what,
Something for which your heart longs.

There's music in Life in the tread of feet,
In the Babel of hearts and desires;
It lifts you to heaven, and casts you to earth,
In mountains of flaming fires.

Oh, mine be the fullness, the power of love,
And living, and laughing at fate,
Of swallowing bitter, but tasting it sweet,
And reaching for only the great!

Jabberwock



INVOCATION TO THE THUNDER BIRD

INVOCATION TO THE THUNDER BIRD

" . . . on his face,
Life, with her sharp-edged tools of joy and pain,
Had deeply engraved a legend of her own."

Alfred Noyes.

The suppliant is invoking the Thunder Bird for rain. Everyone becomes silent with involuntary admiration. No lost illusions, no dubious expectations, no half-hearted hopes are his. With simple, unswerving faith, he asks a gift from the god. His expression is dignified and grave. Slowly, he scatters the grain upon the earth, forming thus the figure of the Thunder Bird. While so doing, his face is set, his eyes, sombre and inscrutable.

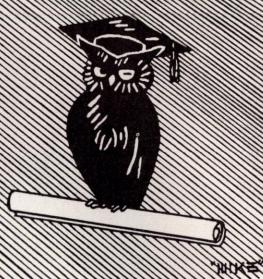
After the god has been properly appealed to, an expression of poignant expectation, becomes visible on the chief's face. With outstretched hands he waits. Never has the Thunder Bird failed his tribe. Will he now? The audience is tense; the atmosphere is charged with emotion. Everything is vivid and forceful, thrilling and compelling. Instinctively everyone stiffens with a taut awareness of the enormity of the request. Meanwhile, the Indian stands motionless and calm, a living statue. Character, force, and power are all stamped on his countenance. He hopefully awaits the first refreshing drops of rain.

Nor is he disappointed. Soon, a fine sprinkle of rain lightly caresses his body, which gives a tingling response to the wild enchantment and mystery of that delicate kiss. With sudden eagerness, he springs into action. His every movement is animated; his face is alight with the glow of happiness.

Suddenly, with stimulating vigor, the rain pelts down on his lithe, brown body. With a swift transition of moods, the grateful suppliant obeys an ecstatic impulse. His blood "all beating into song," he gives vent to his pent-up passions in a dance of sheer delight. Finally, with a gesture of supreme exultation, he whirls on his left toe, his right foot nearly touching his left knee. In his left hand, he holds the grain reticule; his right is raised toward the heavens. The rhythm, the grace, the balance, the exultation, the poise in every line of his body express triumph. The audience is spellbound by the awe-inspiring figure. The suppliant, strong in his simple faith has been rewarded. The god has heard his earnest prayer. Thunder Bird has spoken.

Marguerite Donna.

A Word from the Wise



Ed. Note: This is the second of a series of articles written by faculty members on any subject they desire. Miss Caroline Musgrove, Librarian, is the author of the current article.

IMPRESSIONS FROM AN ALUMNA AND TEACHER

PERHAPS the most interesting and the most difficult day in my life was the one when, as teacher, I faced my first classes. Nervous, I had the inappropriate desire to draw the picture of the little boy whose ears stuck out, and a wild longing to laugh at my very funny pupils. Adjustment from a student's viewpoint to that of an instructor was most difficult. My first two years were spent in small high schools in New York State. They were hard years.

Today I am happy to be working in the high school where I received my own secondary education. Having spent two years elsewhere I can now fully appreciate this school. Students and teachers work together under efficient executives. I wish that those few students who complain about the strict rules or about particular little points of irritation, might taste school life under a different regime. We should then be unanimous in proclaiming our leaders broadminded and helpful.

I am proud to work among the teachers of this institution. Many of them taught me. Once I respected and feared them. Today I still respect them and try in my own way to follow their pattern of teaching. The attitude of students toward teachers seems to have changed quite radically in the last few years. Respect is there but never fear—this has given way to a feeling of comradeship and cooperation. Wrong relationships, misunderstandings still exist—but the movement toward complete understanding is strong and good.

I am proud to work with the students here. A predominating spirit of honesty characterizes the group. A school of this size could scarcely be managed successfully were it not that the vast majority of the students are absolutely trustworthy. The scholastic standard maintained is excellent. Some students here do really fine work. I am sometimes amazed to see the very young students that read and take notes upon the most difficult kind of material. At a meeting of a student organization where I was a guest, I was again surprised at the initiative of the boys and girls here, surprised at their dignity and at their grasp of world events.

I am proud to be teaching where such a high type of sportsmanship prevails. Impressed deep in my nature are the lofty ideals which were the same in Pittsfield High School when I was a student as they are today. Few high schools and not all colleges can boast of as high a standard. Often have I been ashamed of student groups brought up in a less fine tradition. Very seldom do the students of Pittsfield High razz the other team, call out inanely at pupils from the opposing school or in any other way make me regret that they represent my school.

November, 1933

[27]

A friend once said to me "The trouble with you teachers is that you allow your minds to deteriorate because you never have to pit them against any except immature minds." The grain of truth in this statement has made me remember it. The person who said it, however, had never taught school, and therefore failed to realize that even untrained minds may be keen and their observations stimulating. He did not realize either, the compensations of my profession. Youth has high ideals, strong virtues, tremendous variety and above all else, hope. I am glad that I am a teacher—I enjoy working with students—and, when some of you come back here to teach as I have done, I hope that you will find in this school even more cause for pride than I have found.

I hope that each and every student will remember that what he does in school and outside of it, if fine, adds to the fine tradition of this school. Little things if they are wrong are magnified and bring much blame. It is not hopeful but it is true that—

"The evil that men do lives after them
The good is oft interred with their bones."

Caroline E. Musgrove

REFLECTIONS

The open fire was roaring
With a ruddy, cheerful glow
While outside at the window pane
Rushed wind and flurrying snow.

I drew my chair up closer
As the embers brightly glowed,
Casting shadows on the wall
Of warriors brave and bold.

There stands the mighty Hercules
A staff clutched in his hand
Setting forth to meet in war
The destroyer of the land.

The brave Horatius at the bridge
Alone holds back the foe
While over on the other shore
Ring sounds of mighty blows.

Many more seemed brought to life
In the flickering firelight gleams
But my eyes felt slightly heavy
And I drifted off to dreams.

Charles Kidney, '34

THE F. M. T. A. AND THE HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second in a series of articles by leaders of Pittsfield projects definitely related to the Pittsfield High School boy and girl. The current article was written by Mr. Edward J. McKenna, a faculty member and leader of F. M. T. A. Boys' Work.



MR. E. J. MCKENNA

Pittsfield best knows the F. M. T. A. as a community center and as a character-building organization, and it is in the latter sense that the society exerts an influence upon the high school boy and girl.

What can we offer to the boys?—Membership at a nominal fee in our junior organization, especially conducted for boys of junior and senior high school age, which carries with it the following privileges:

First, participation in the Junior Literary Society, which since 1914 has been under the guidance of Robert F. Stanton, president of the F. M. T. A. and a leader in civic affairs. He is assisted by men who are interested in boys' work and fully competent to direct it. Here the boy learns the intricacies of parliamentary law, takes part in committee work, and is trained in public speaking—immeasurable factors in the making of the future citizen.

Second, full privileges in an extensive gymnasium program, carried on by a competent and inspiring physical director in a sensibly scientific manner.

Third, the intangible but tremendously important advantage of the force of good example exerted upon the younger members by the older ones, men who have been true to F. M. T. A. standards, men who stand high in the esteem of their fellow citizens.

For the high school girl as well there is a definite place in the organization. An entire floor, spacious and homelike, is given over to the women and girl members. For the girls there are cooking classes, gymnasium work, and similar activities, all well supervised by capable leaders. Parties and dances held at intervals during the winter months form another diversion for the junior members.

Perhaps the best way in which to characterize the relation of the F. M. T. A. toward the high school student is this:—A certain committee of noted educators has drawn up a list which it designates as the "Cardinal Principles of Secondary Education", the basic aims of junior and senior high school teaching. These aims are:—(1) Education; (2) Citizenship; (3) Vocation; (4) Health; (5) Home Relationship; (6) Leisure and Recreation; (7) Religion. Now, the Father Matthew Society, in its work with boys and girls, strives to attain precisely these objectives, endeavors to fit its junior members for precisely these activities.

Its slogan is fortunately chosen and literally truthful—"The F. M. T. A.—the next best place to home."

Edward J. McKenna

TREASURES OF THE BERKSHIRE ATHENAEUM

By Harlan H. Ballard, Librarian

YOU HAVE never seen half of the rare and beautiful things in your Public Library.

Next time you visit the Berkshire Athenaeum, I shall be glad to show you what we have.

On the walls of the front hall are fine Copley prints of the beautiful wall-paintings designed for the Library of Congress by Henry Oliver Walker. These were given to us by the artist's wife. To our left is the marble bust of Hon. Thomas Allen, giver of the Athenaeum building. It is the work of Howard Kretschmar, and was given by George W. Allen.

At the opposite end of the hall is a portrait bust of Hon. Thomas F. Plunkett, one of our founders. It is a replica of a marble bust by Launt Thompson, who also designed the Soldiers' Monument in the park.

Incidentally there are in our Historical Room a copy of another of Launt Thompson's busts, that of William Cullen Bryant; a marble medallion portrait of Abraham Lincoln, and a marble bust of Gen. William F. Bartlett.

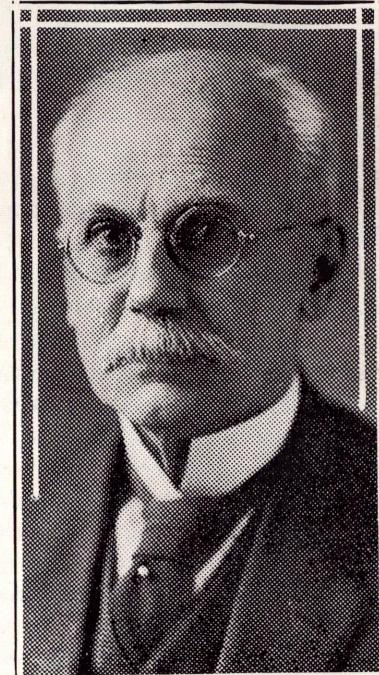
Hon. William R. Plunkett was for many years President of the Athenaeum, as well as one of the foremost citizens of Pittsfield. His portrait by L. T. Ives, hangs in the Reference Room.

Among other painted portraits of local interest are those of Miss Anna Dawes, General Bartlett, Phineas Allen, Rev. William W. Newton, Wellington H. Tyler, Dr. John Todd, Calvin Martin, Jason Clapp, Governor Briggs, Nancy Hinsdale, and the artist Thomas Allen, Jr.

Two landscapes by this Mr. Allen are cherished among nearly fifty valuable paintings which are interesting survivals of the old Athenaeum Gallery. To mention only a few, there are "Midocean", by Charles H. Woodbury; "Flemish Landscape", by Peter Bout; "Horse Fair", by Hughtenburg; "English Cottage", by Nasmyth; "Halt of Horsemen", by Peter Wouwermans; and "Horse and Groom", by Ward.

In 1885, Rev. C. V. Spear, Principal of Maplewood Institute and a Trustee of the Athenaeum was traveling in Europe. He wrote to the Trustees telling of an opportunity to buy a collection of casts of antique statutes. In response to this the Trustees advised Mr. Spear that they had voted to place at his disposal \$2,000 from the legacy of Phineas Allen.

Mr. Spear accordingly secured from London, Berlin, and Paris, reproductions of more than thirty of the most famous specimens of ancient sculpture. These were especially valuable as being among the earliest and best casts made by Caproni. Owing to structural



HARLAN H. BALLARD

limitations in the two buildings, this collection is now divided between the Athenaeum and the Museum.

In the Athenaeum may be seen a reproduction of the colossal bust of Hera (Juno) now in the Villa Ludovisi at Rome

Bust of Marcus Aurelius, from original in British Museum.

Bust of Pericles, British Museum.

Colossal head of Herakles (Hercules) found in lava at foot of Vesuvius, and now in British Museum.

Mask of Zeus (Jupiter), found in Otricoli, and now in the Vatican. "The most sublime in conception and the finest in artistic worth of all the representations of the great 'Father of Gods and Men' that have come down to us."

Head of the Young Augustus, British Museum.

Head of Julius Caesar, British Museum.

Bust of Homer, etc. etc.

But I am exceeding the limits of this paper; and have hardly made a beginning. I have said nothing as yet about autographs, book-plates, silhouettes, stereoscopes, the aquarium, —or even the 100,000 books and pamphlets, which are the first thing you naturally think of in a library.

Let me repeat in closing that every citizen of Pittsfield is welcome at all times to visit the Athenaeum, and examine at his leisure, and under competent guidance not only the treasures of the Library, but also the continuous work of the Library staff in preserving, arranging, exhibiting, and lending them.

BOOKS

Fountains of knowledge from which we drink

Friendships many, that they link,
Ships, for sailing to foreign lands,
Camels for riding on desert sands.
Laughter, tears, and fear they bring
Songs that make our sad hearts sing.

Silvia Lipson '34

Current Literature

Department conducted by Richard Stevenson

"ANTHONY ADVERSE", Hervey Allen

Farrar and Rinehart

This triple-deck biographical novel of Mr. Allen's is one of the gems of our modern literary collection. It is charmingly written and the reader lapses into the intricate plot with a whole-heartedness that is complimentary to a novel.

The story revolves around the life of an individual man from his conception to his death. Born into the "romantic" age of France and Italy one follows Toni in his wanderings from Livorno to Haiti; from Cuba to Africa; from Africa to France; to England, to America, to Mexico, and to our Southwest where he dies.

It is broad in its scope, and so powerful and grandiose in its style that the narrative reads like the better parts of Hugo, Dickens, Hawthorne, and de Maupassant combined.

No person that professes to be at all interested in reading should allow this book to go by unnoticed. It holds something for the tastes of all; adventure, love, history, biography, conflict and mystery. These are all combined by an artist and presented as the chief course in our fall reading diet—much to the delight of the epicure, and the great American public.

* * *

"THE CRIME OF CUBA", Carleton Beals

J. B. Lippincott

As new and as up to date as tomorrow's South American revolution, as caustic as our radical press, and as vivid as a Communist election is this political treatise on the affairs of Cuba and her people. Three-quarters of the volume are devoted to the history of the island, and to reviewing of the facts of the American occupation of the republic. Parts IV and V deal with the crimes of the deposed president, Machado, and the policy of American penetration. These two sections, in the light of current events, are the most pertinent parts of the book.

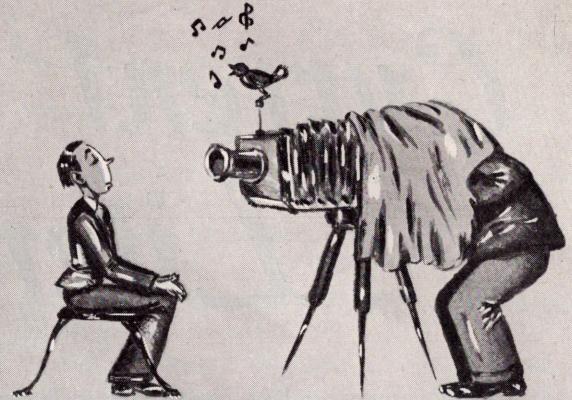
It is startling in its revelations and, if taken with a grain of salt (to aid digestion of statistics), it will prove valuable to the American perspective but it is by no means flattering to our ego.

* * *

SOME ARTICLES TO BE FOUND IN THE MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER

Another theater story by Booth Tarkington, "The Divine Evadne" in "Good Housekeeping." It's a man that is tempermental in this one. * * * Peter B. Kyne begins a rollicking sea story in the "American." He calls it "The Proof of the Pudding," but offers neither proof nor pudding in the first instalment. * * * "How Trivial Are Modern Books?"—we would all like to know. Mary M. Colum attempts to tell us in "Forum and Century."

Who's Who IN P.H.S.



Louise Robbins



Marjorie Nicholls



Mary O'Boyle



Ida Lightman



Dorothea Poulin



Perina Tristany

And Why

LOUISE ROBBINS

Anyone in her gym class can tell you Lou isn't athletically inclined, yet she surprised even her mother by reaching the semi-finals in the annual tennis tournament. She is now president of the Tri-Hi. Her main ambition now is to have some sort of a part in the play given when her senior A term comes. She's positive she'll get the comic figure in whatever play it will be, but she doesn't mind. Next year she plans to attend Garland, a junior college in Boston. Good Luck!

IDA LIGHTMAN

In sports she is eminent, leaves an impression where'er she goes. In the Gi-Y she's the president. Gets the best marks in groups and rows. Heads the Girls' Sports on the Pen Staff. Tiny mite, but the knowledge she knows Might be contained in twenty volumes and a half. An all-around girl from head to toes. Nothing about her is general riff-raff.

MARJORIE NICHOLS

Quelle femme! She knows not whether she goeth, what she is or what she is to be! She is the Secretary of the Senior A class and ex-President of the Tri-Hi Club. She was on the Student Council and she is in the Senior play. On questioning her about her future we discover she has a vague feeling she'll end by being a street cleaner. More power to her! What this country needs is a few nice women street cleaners. We fear she is like many of our bewildered generation—sure of only one thing—the present.

DOROTHEA POULIN

Doesn't this account sound well-known?

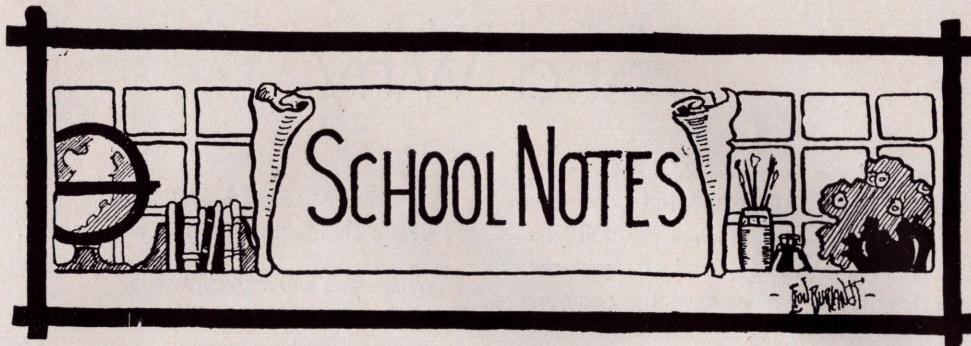
Perhaps you know the lady too. Our swimming team has her, a member; unusual wit she presents to you. Left Central with a fine mark. In Gi-Y she's one of "Who's-Who". Now, read and guess.

MARY O'BOYLE

Both Mercer and Central Junior High Schools may be proud of their former student, Mary O'Boyle, who has risen to the eminent position of the head of the Business Department in the Student's Pen. Only a Junior B, Mary's work has been outstanding both in this field and in that of the Literary Department, to which she has contributed excellent poetry. She is an honor student and is especially interested in extra-curricula activities. Already she has won the esteem of the faculty and student body and her energetic efforts will at length be rewarded.

PERINA TRISTANY

Enter Perina Tristany of the curly hair and winning smile, one of the outstanding athletes of P. H. S.—a star in every conceivable field. At present she is on the track team, as well as forward on the basketball "five". She helps coach the sophomore and senior gym classes, and her teachers can always rely on her willingness to cooperate. She has been prominent in hockey, baseball, basketball, and track, and her alma mater, Plunkett, may well be proud of her accomplishments. P. H. S. gives this Senior A a place in its "Hall of Fame."



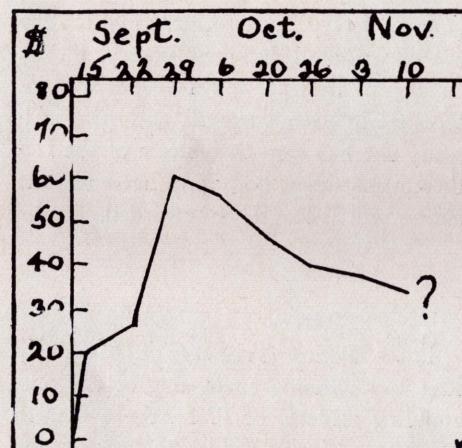
Charles Kline, Jr., Editor

Assistant Editors

Marguerite Donna, Richard Stevenson, Ritamae Stephenson
Peter Barreca, Frances Norton

NICKEL NOTES

This brings up the much-discussed Nickel Collection again. By the looks of the graph below many upperclassmen are deliberately letting down on their pledge to support the collection until their graduation. Receipts have dropped from a high of \$59.70 to the low thirties.



Cash Received
Nickel Collection
Sept. 15-Nov. 10
Base-1700 Students Paying-\$85.00

Never more than seventy per cent of the students have contributed. The fate of Pittsfield High athletics is in the hands of the students. What are they going to do about it?

COMING ASSEMBLIES

The Manhattan String Quartet will play here for the December assembly on the nineteenth. The group is composed of two violins, a cello, and a viola.

Mr. P. F. Parker of Boston will speak in January on the "Quest for the Beautiful." As he talks, he will draw colored cartoons illustrating his ideas. Mr. Parker is a small, rather bald man, but his crayons fairly seem to shout.

Some pupils want to have student programs in the assemblies. Mr. Strout is willing to arrange for them if they are really interesting and educational.

CONGRATULATIONS, BOYS

Duke Milne's band, composed chiefly of P. H. S. students, is stepping up in the world. Its picture will appear in the RADIO STARS MAGAZINE which will be on the newsstands at the end of this month. Milne's aggregation is now recognized as the youngest-manned band in America. The average age is 17.

Milne's band is an eleven piece orchestra now playing over Station WORC in Worcester. Soon they expect to sign a permanent contract, and the familiar strains of the BLACK AND TAN FANTASY, their theme song, will go out over the air every Sunday night.

Six of the players are now in Pittsfield High—Sidney Zukerman, Jack Famey, Bob Beckwith, Ken Stuerwald, Bill "Fat" Milne, and Bob Stickles. Former honors for the youngest band in the country went to Husk O'Hare and his band in Chicago.

November, 1933

[35]

CUPCAKE COOKING

The Home Economics Cooking Classes, we learn, have been doing quite a bit of work for outside orders. In one case the Junior B girls baked and frosted thirteen dozen cupcakes in one lab period. If you ever need a batch of cupcakes in a hurry, just let the girls know—they're very obliging. Perhaps this is why certain girls in this course have been taken out quite a bit lately.

ROMAN REAL ESTATE

Miss Conlon's Latin classes have raised \$9.50 for a model, knockdown Roman house. As you read this, it has probably arrived and is being put together by the pupils. Miss Conlon hopes to interest her classes in the Roman civilization as well as in their literature.

MAYOR WHITNEY

Gilman Whitney, well-known manager of football, was recently elected Mayor of Mr. Canavan's class in Problems of Democracy. Mayor Whitney, in a statement to the press, says, "I am definitely in favor of more study periods per pupil, easier textbooks, and a full hour for lunch. Thank you for your support." His honor's most famous pose—standing on the sidelines with his satchel in his hand anxiously watching the team.

TRY SEVEN CHANCES

"Seven Chances", this year's Senior Play will star lanky "Stew" Cosgriff, Senior A President, and Marjorie Nicholls as leading man and woman. Miss Margaret Ward is the director. The play will be given in the auditorium December 15.

SEVEN CHANCES revolves around an inheritance of \$12,000,000 left to a young man ("Stew" Cosgriff) on condition that he marry within a certain time. When the play opens, he has only ten days to propose and do the middle aisle act. Previewers tell us that it is simply hilarious.

Cheerleader Victor Olson, general chairman of the play committee, urges you all to take a chance on SEVEN CHANCES.

WINDY WAGS

The outlook isn't so bad for the debating club—not until January. But then—the fact is that Hugh Downey, Victor Olson, and others will graduate before the County Debates. However, there are several "vets" around whom Mr. Lynch expects to build his team—Bruce Burnham, Harold Feldman, and "Midge" Cummings. Slightly behind these aged and venerable orators is the promising lot of newcomers. Among these are John Adams, Charles Kline, John Tobey, and William McEachron.

Perhaps you don't all know that letters are given to members of the team, as well as one point a semester. There is a very good chance this year for students with speaking ability to make the team.

In the recent club elections Cheerleader Hugh Downey was reelected President; Harold Feldman, Vice President; and Marjorie Cummings, Secretary.

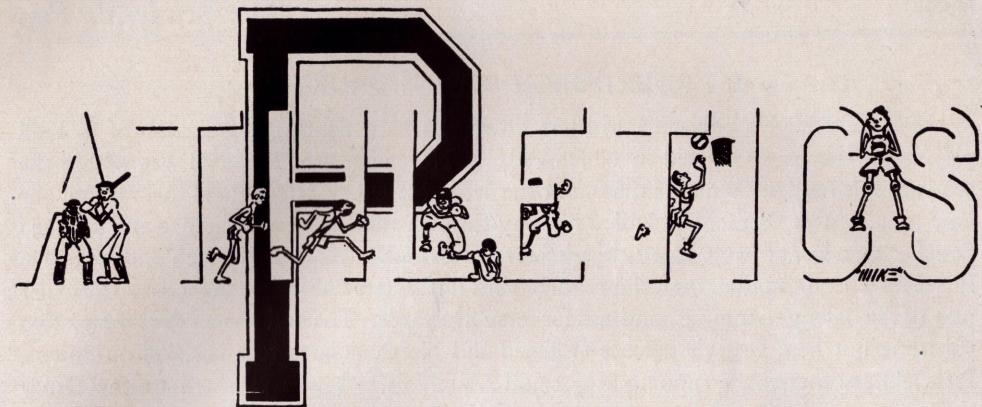
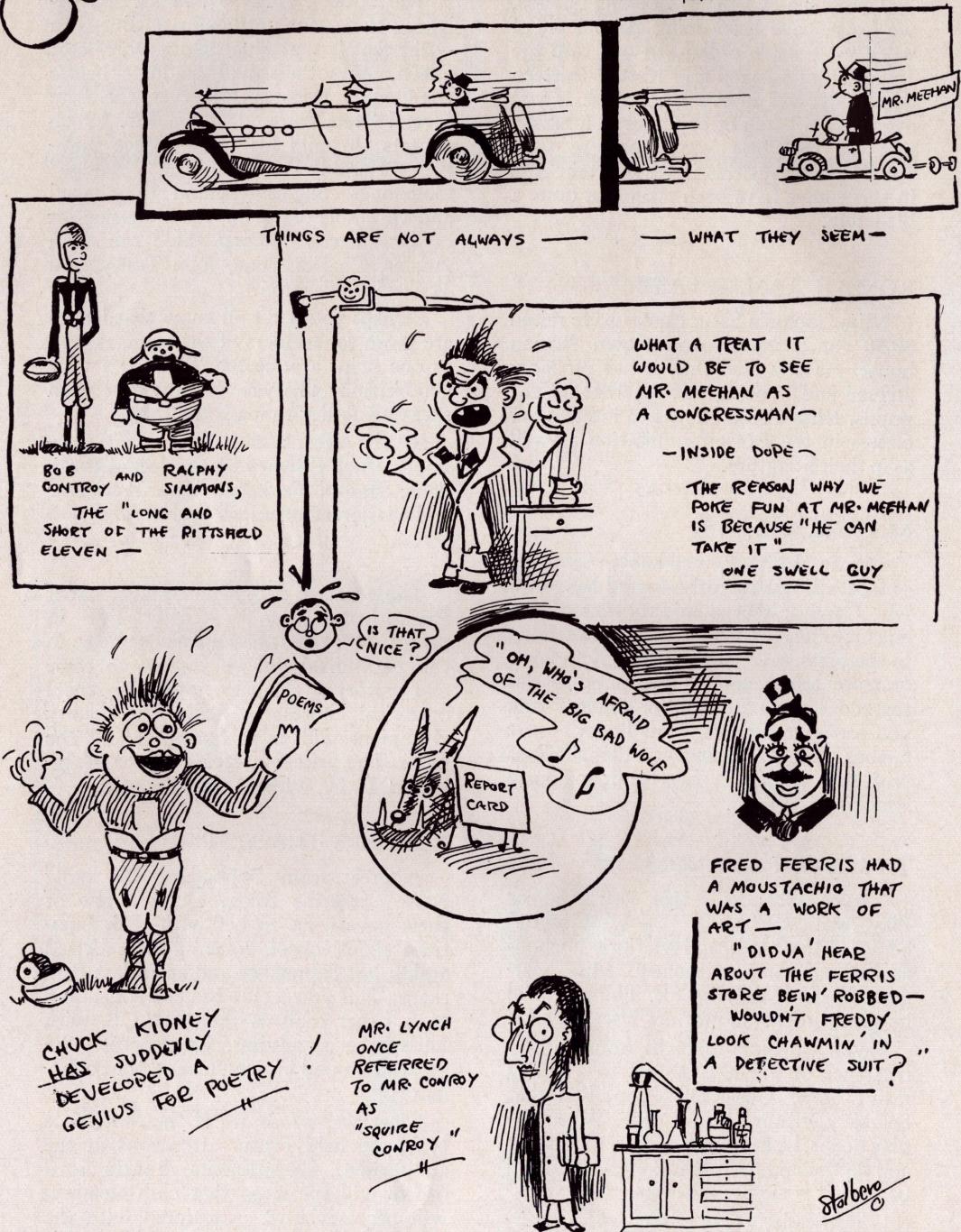
Those native sons who believe that if Demosthenes didn't actually live in Boston, he at least had a summer home in the Berkshires will be treated to some real oratory in January when the school oratorical contest is held. The county champions will go to Springfield for the finals. The prize—a week's trip to Washington, D. C., with all expenses paid.

X MARKS THE SPOT

A great many Sophomore B's know Miss Catherine Baker. Quite a few of them have come to her with their questions about school. Some of them formed a club last September and again last February. This year a club has been organized on a larger basis as the X CLUB, with Miss Baker as adviser. Its purpose—the "education and enlightenment" of Sophomore B's.

Meetings, which are of the conference type, are held Friday afternoons in the auditorium. Departments heads and others will speak, so that club members will become better acquainted with the school and with each other. All 10 B's are urged to attend.

CARTOONACAPERS



FIGHTING PITTSFIELD TEAM HOLDS ADAMS TO A SCORELESS TIE

Before a crowd of three thousand rabid football fans, Pittsfield High and Adams engaged in a struggle of titans on October 28 on the Pittsfield Common. The Stewart men's threat to score in the second period was frustrated by a tough break in the guise of a penalty. Patenaude, Adam's flashy quarterback, fumbled Mahouski's kick, Marra recovering for Pittsfield. On the very next play, White whipped a beautiful pass to Barnini, who advanced the ball to Adams' eight-yard line. White smashed his way through the line for a yard. A reverse was attempted but the officials detected tripping and Pittsfield was penalized fifteen yards, thus ruining our chances for a score. We filled the air with passes but the ball went to Adams on downs. Mendel kicked out of danger.

In the second half Adams dominated the play. Pittsfield fought in the shadow of its goal posts on two occasions and showed themselves to be a real fighting team by holding Adams scoreless. Patenaude of Adams was the outstanding player of the day. Golonka also played a fine game for his team. "Buck" White played a fine game both offensively and defensively for Pittsfield and as usual, "Fat" Simmons was in there making his quota of the tackles.

The line-up:

PITTSFIELD HIGH
Barnini, l.e.
Head, Balmer, l.t.
Kazberovitch, l.g.
Phelan, c.
Simmons, r.e.
Kellar, r.t.
Marra, Controy, r.e.
Gull, q.b.
Blake, l.h.b.
Mahouski, r.h.b.
White, Beauchemin,

ADAMS HIGH
r.e., Armata
r.t., G. Steele
r.g., Bassaillion
c., Howe
l.g., Flanagan
l.t., Ross, McGrath
l.e., Keefe
q.b., Patenaude
r.h.b., Golonka, Rousseau
h.b., Koscialnik, Kowaski
f.b., Mendell, Sullivan

Score: Pittsfield 0, Adams 0. Referee: H. Allen, North Adams. Umpire: L. Arioldi, Lee. Head linesman: A. Sharkey, Dalton. Two 12 and two 10 minute periods.

PITTSFIELD HIGH DOWNS DRURY 7-0

Pittsfield High's powerful gridsters downed a hard fighting aggregation of football players on the State St. field in North Adams, November 4th. Pittsfield was within the ten-yard line not less than nine times, but the desperate Drury defense held them to but one lone tally. After Barnini had knifed his way through the Drury interference and knocked Boucher for a loss of twelve yards, there followed an exchange of punts which put the ball in Pittsfield's hands on their own thirty-three-yard line. Here Gull made the most spectacular play of the day by running around end for forty-five yards. The ball was on the twenty-two yard line but here Drury's defense stiffened and North Adams took the ball on downs. Pittsfield smothered the running attack and Marchio's kick was returned to the Drury thirty-one-yard line by Blake as the period ended. To begin the fourth Pittsfield took to the air and two passes netted twenty-three yards. The ball was on Drury's eight-yard line, and here Beauchemin climaxed his fine playing by smashing through for the touchdown. Mahouski scored the extra point from the spread formation. Pittsfield threatened again during the period but failed to put over the score. Controy, Simmons, and Phelan starred for Pittsfield on the line. Gull, Beauchemin, and Blake were outstanding in the backfield. Marchio and Zappula played well for Drury.

The line-up:

PITTSFIELD
Barnini, l.e.
Head, Balmer, l.t.
Kazberovitch, l.g.
Phelan, c.
Simmons, Edda, r.g.
Kellar, r.t.
Controy, r.e.
Gull, Mylnarsik, q.b.
Blake, l.h.b.
Mahouski, r.h.b.
Beauchemin, White, f.b.

DRURY
r.e., Marchio
r.t., Rand
r.g., Cameron
c., Hockridge
l.g., Belouin, O'Neil
l.t., Barnard
l.e., Trudeau
q.b., Zappula
r.h.b., Therrien
l.h.b., Genest
f.b., Boucher, Ryan

Score: Pittsfield 7, Drury 0. Touchdown: Beauchemin. Point after touchdown: Gull. Referee: McConnell. Umpire: Ford. Linesman: Del Negro. Time: 10 and 12-minute periods.

WE LIKE

- the bone-crushing way Walt Mahauski makes his hard and frequent tackles.
- Johnny Phelan's breath-taking interception of the passes thrown his way.
- the smooth way the entire team functioned to win the game.

PITTSFIELD LOSES TO WILLIAMSTOWN

On Armistice Day, November 11, Pittsfield High gridsters lost a hard fought game to Williamstown High on a snow covered field at North Adams. The condition of the field made running a difficult task, although a few good gains were made in spite of the handicap.

In the opening quarter Williamstown kicked off to Controy, who brought the ball to the 50-yard line, where he fumbled, Williamstown recovering. After a few plays, Williams-

town fumbled and Barnini, Pittsfield end, recovered the ball. Beauchemin then picked up 12 yards through center, but Williamstown again recovered the ball after Mylnarsik's kick was blocked. Williamstown then staged a grand offensive, but Pittsfield's remarkable defense kept the Williamstowners from a touchdown and the ball was on the 3-yard line as the whistle blew.

Opening the second period, the Stewart men kept throwing their opponent for losses, but a surprising pass, Bunoski to Vandersloot, netted Williamstown a touchdown. The try for the point failed and there ensued several punts by both teams with the ball on Pittsfield's 18-yard line as the half ended.

Pittsfield's lone tally came in the third period when Controy got off a beautiful punt over the goal. The ball was brought to the 20-yard line and on the next play Kellar, Pittsfield's captain, knifed in and dropped Perry in his tracks for a safety. Pittsfield had a chance to score at this point, but for a costly fumble which Coach Sylvester's club recovered. The remainder of the game was spent in passing by both clubs and the contest ended with Trepacz stopping Perry on the 9-yard line.

Although the gridmen from Pittsfield were minus their charging back, Walt Mahouski, and their signal caller, Johnnie Gull, they staged a great game. There were many costly fumbles on both sides, due to the snow covered field, but which mostly affected Pittsfield.

Bunoski and Connors, who seemed right at home on the slippery field, were the outstanding players for Williamstown.

The line-up:

WILLIAMSTOWN	PITTSFIELD
Steinhoff, l.e.	r.e., Controy
Hart, l.t.	r.t., Head
Smith, l.g.	r.g., Karborovitch
Madden, c.	c., Phelan
Wiles, r.g.	l.g., Simmons
Goodermote, r.t.	l.t., Kellar, Balmer
Vandersloot, r.e.	l.e., Barnini
Bunoski, q.b.	q.b., Beauchemin
Connors, l.h.b.	r.h.b., Mylnarsik
Norton, r.h.b.	l.h.b., Blake
Perry, f.b.	f.b., White, Trepacz

Score: Williamstown 6, Pittsfield 2. Touchdown: Vandersloot. Safety: Perry. Referee: McConnell. Umpire: Ford. Head Linesman: Del Negro. Time: eight-minute quarters.

WE LIKED

- the accurate passing of Henri Beauchemin, the spectacular substitute.
- the long kicks Bob Controy got off into rival territory.
- the way Captain Kellar, Dud Head and Tommy Kazberovitch crashed through Williams-town's line to bring runners down in their tracks.

GIRLS' SPORTS

As the temperature in the Berkshires nears the freezing point, girls' athletics register high and mighty in Pittsfield High. The girls of this school are in the thick of track, swimming, and basketball. Winter has forced the girls indoors. Tennis has been completed, the tournament being won by last year's victor, Ida Lightman, with Rosemary Cummings, an oncoming star, as runner up. The gymnasium and swimming pool are the drawing cards at this season of the year.

Minus many of our former track and hoop stars, many new names and faces will come to the foreground as victors. Claire Ackerman, last year's runner up in track, is one of the favorites to win. Claire is a junior B and her ability to jump, run, and throw is outstanding. Perina Tristany, another veteran, is to be watched closely in the oncoming meet. Perina is a senior and certainly toes the mark in track. Lorraine Millet, a sophomore B, is another threat to the older girls. "Bunny" has long legs and they get her there!

In the basketball practices, much centers around Perina Tristany. She has a good eye for baskets and can sink a pretty ball. Others on the senior basketball team are Rita Collins, Margaret LaPointe, and Anna Tochio. Among the juniors Florence Solera is outstanding. Sophomores have not yet distinguished themselves for superior playing although they are working hard.

Many Pittsfield High girls are in deep waters; but fear not, they can swim! Every Monday, Thursday, and Friday the Boys' Club pool is thronged by girls with aspirations for Pittsfield High Swimming Team. The waters are rough and the going is hard, but they can take it. The candidates enlisted are the following: "Mickey" Flynn, Betty Owen, Barbara Heidel, Frances Simes, Alicia Olinto, Sally Brownell, "Dot" Choiniere, "Dot" Poulin, Doris Kenyon, and Marian Sinclair. The diving berths so far this year have only two bids, Lloydanne Perry and Ida Lightman. A triangular meet will be held sometime in December. Watch these girls and see the snappiest crowd of mermaids in the history of the team swing into action!

Ida Lightman

FIRST TEAM CHOICE	SECOND TEAM CHOICE
L. E.	
L. T.	
L. G.	
C.	
R. G.	
R. T.	
R. E.	
Q. B.	
L. H. B.	
R. H. B.	
F. B.	

Note: Please print choices plainly.



A FAIRY TALE

ONCE in the dear dead days, all the freshies were asleep in their cradles, and the sophies were doing their homework, as all good sophies should, and the juniors were listening with awe to the suggestion of Mr. Goodwin that they could buy trots at all the good local stores, but that if they did, they should burn them before the sun went down, and the seniors did not tell the undergraduates that they were the brightest pupils in the history of the school and that they should try to follow their illustrious example, even if they could never quite make it, and Miss Kalisher didn't say "who dismissed this class? ! ?" and Miss Morris didn't say "all have equal rights in this study hall" and none of the teachers said "this is the dumbest class I ever had", and nobody ever talked in the classrooms (don't be silly, Percival, they were all asleep, including the teachers. don't groan, Edgar, this is a fairy tale.) and they wuz a assembly every day, and Mr. Strout didn't bawl us out 'for losing our valuables when we had two good strong lockers', and Miss Parker didn't say "that excuse is entirely inadequate," and the nickel collection went over the top, and everything wuz o. k., and P. H. S. wuz a perfect school. but, remember, Aloysious, this is a fairy tale.

the steward's fren, ant mardi

AUNT MARDI'S DIRECTORY OF FAMOUS EDUCATORS

MR. WILLIAM D. GOODWIN

Domain: Room 110; Subject: Latin

Great accomplishment: Still gets a kick out of the abominable translations he hears daily.

Famous saying: Is there anyone in this intelligent looking class who can answer this simple question?

Second ditto: This is your week for a test.

Present pastime: Chuckling over the poor fish whom he caught on nicely baited hooks in his "good" tests. (N.B. He is the only person, up to date, who considers them "good".)

MR. THEODORE HERBERG

Domain: Room 105; Subject: Math of all sorts

Great accomplishment: Has a marvelous vocabulary, even after teaching high school students.

Famous saying: Anyone who can not do this very simple problem, has my sincerest sympathy.

Second ditto: Of course, your next test will be more difficult than this.

Present pastime: Trying to find the culprit in the sophomore class who has been guilty of throwing beans on the floor. (He will take drastic action when the criminal is found out).

IN AND ABOUT TOWN WITH THE HAUGHTY SENIORS

THIS is a new column devoted to interesting facts about upperclassmen of P. H. S. Any Senior may contribute to this column by handing in his bright thoughts to the Baron's cousin Hugo. He will see that the contributions reach us.

We see that the Senior A class has placed its faith in "Stew" Cosgriff. Senior A's are good pickers. Here's luck "Stew"!

Our attention was rather forcibly called to a new fellow in the Senior A class. His name is Victor Olsen. Well, fan my brow, where did he come from?

Sophomores beware! P. H. S. has been under the influence of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse of late.—The Blonde Terror, Mr. Smith; The Lanky Mr. Jones; The Omnipotent Mouthpiece; and another prominent violinist. Quick Henry, the "Flit!"

The Problems Class of P. H. S. is quite proud of its new Mayor, "Fruit" Whitney (Mr. Fruit to you, Soph.) Here's an example of clean politics. Mr. Whitney didn't pay his campaign manager, Mr. Gleason, one cent, although Hart has been seen strolling along the corridors eating "complimentary" fruit.

Who doesn't like the way Marj Nicholls blushes?

Glad to see Helen Cranston on the Play Committee. We're betting on her!

We wonder what hock shop a certain Senior A visited to get that marvelous guitar. If he could only play—or sing!

The best Latin student east of Room 102—The Blonde VENUS.

Our idea of the community spirit—a student with a fresh deck of cigarettes and twenty friends.

H. D. claims that if they don't have an open season on Sophs soon, the woods will be overrun.

Students of P. H. S. may well remember the old Chinese proverb: "Words of courtesy are the spring rains which bring to fruit the pomegranates of human intercourse."

Anyone who doesn't see the Senior Play, coached so ably by Miss Ward, on December fifteenth, is extravagant. It will cost two dollars and one half to see this marvelous production on Broadway. Why not save money and attend the premier?

During a discussion on girls the editors of this column were heard agreeing that, "he who sees one grain of rice is as wise as he who sees the crop of the province."

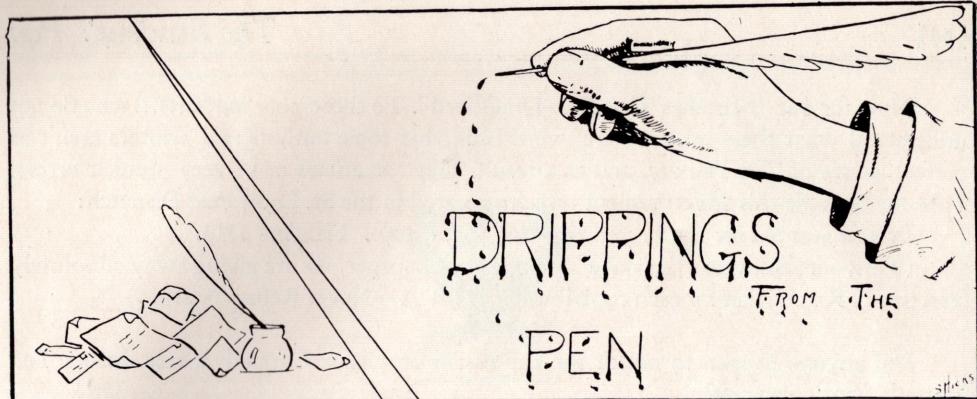
A favorite saying of Miss Nagle's might well be taken to heart: "A gentleman is one who will never intentionally cause the embarrassment of another."

A tip for the Sophs: "Gold may be dug by a slave, but wisdom comes only from the mouths of the venerable"—Seniors and Faculty Members. And also: "Knowledge without experience is water with no pitcher in which to carry it."

REQUEST NUMBER: If whoever made that crack in the last issue, about the C. C. C. putting our cheerleaders to shame, would stop and think, they'd realize that if a few more students like themselves would co-operate we'd have the best cheering section in the county.

And now, people, the time has come to lend thine ears to "Au revoir, pleasant dreams." We'll be seein' ya,

H. G. and H. D.



12b: "Well, how did you like O. Henry?"

11b: "O. K., but the nuts stuck in my teeth."

* * * *

Loud rapping at the door.

Mr. Arthur Goodwin (exasperated): "Now who is that? Some fresh guy, I suppose." (He stalks over to the door, jerks it open, and disappears. A few moments elapse.)

Mr. Goodwin, re-entering with a squelched look: "It was my wife."

* * * *

We notice that just when Ferris's fuzz seemed to be maturing nicely he shaved it off. Maybe someone objected to it.

* * * *

Sign in lunch room:

Don't knock our coffee. You may be old and weak yourself some day.

* * * *

Can you imagine Miss Murphy without her "dear"?

* * * *

Speaking of optical illusions, how many of you think that the line drawn through the "s" in the title, "A Word From The Wise", is straight or slanting?

* * * *

There is actually a lake named "Chargoggagoggmanchaugagoggchaubunagungamaugg" in Webster, Massachusetts. You'd have to be brought up on that name to be able to pronounce it. On the other hand, we'll bet we can cow even "Doc" Russell with his famous vocabulary on this one: "Sedulously avoid polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity, or vaniloquent vapidly. Shun prurient jocosity and pestiferous profanity, obscure or apparent." In other words, don't swear.

* * * *

Mr. Canavan says that pupils should say "Good morning" when they're late. All right, but supposing it isn't morning?

Now for our "Mistakes That Pass Unnoticed". To those poor students(?) who do not understand what these mistakes are, we explain that some authors and printers aren't as perfect as we of THE PEN are, and as a result, they sometimes make very peculiar errors. Take for example this advertisement which appeared in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch:

Bicycle wanted for pretty young police dog, female. Flanders 3313.

(If anyone discovers a "mistake" in book or newspaper, we are giving away, absolutely free, one N R A sticker for each contribution. (N R A—Never Refuse Arsenic)

* * * *

Did anyone happen to notice the expression on Coach Carmody's face during Ted Shawn's frantic dancing?

* * * *

Client: "That stock I just bought isn't doing much."

Broker: "What? Oh, you mean the 'Mae West Stock?' Well, never mind. It'll 'be up sometime."

* * * *

Father (calling down from top of stairs very suggestively): "Young man, is your self starter out of order tonight?"

Dixon (innocently): "It doesn't matter so long as there's a crank in the house."

* * * *

And now, if the goldfish don't drink up all the water in the fishbowl, and if the smoke goes out the chimney, and if none of "youse guys" stop paying your nickel collection, we'll see you all next month. Wheeeeeee!

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An interesting pamphlet entitled "Life at Rensselaer", also catalogue and other illustrated bulletins may be obtained by applying to the Publications Office, Room 008, Pittsburgh Building.

THE ADVERTISERS PATRONIZE US

November, 1933

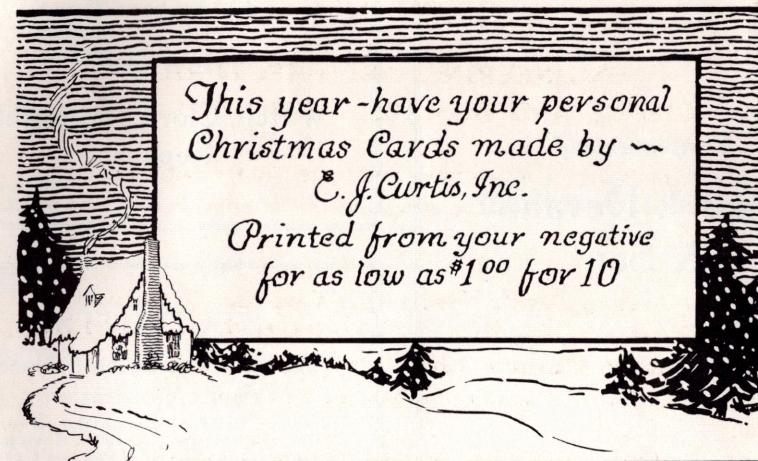
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PATRONIZE THE ADVERTISERS

November, 1933

[47]

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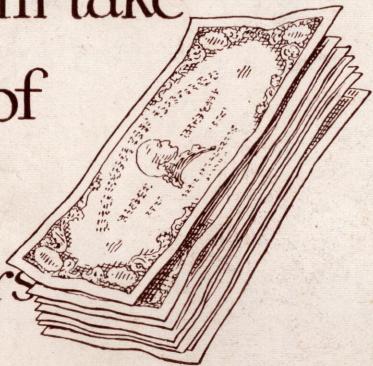


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Berkshire County
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THE STUDENT'S PEN
NOVEMBER, 1933